

UNCLE JOE SHEEKSTER'S RIDE.

**A Temperance Story, with an Old Toper**

"I s'pose that about the suddenest and most lasting case of turning over a new leaf is the matter of tarrying too long at the wine cask," said Uncle Joe Sheenster, a jolly of Pennsylvania Dutch farmer who lives up on the war," said John Newberger of Berks county. "Uncle Joe had been for forty years about as conspicuous as a citizen through his perennial conviviality. A robust bachelor, with plenty of money, he had been able to maintain a almost uninterrupted jax for twoscore years without having to carry with it a single car-

tion, in the estimation of many of his fellow

citizens, so entirely blasé as hardly to be claimed among things that are rare on earth. There were few nights in the week when Joe's faithful bay mare, Betsey could not be seen tied to the tavern hitching post in the village near which Uncle Joe's farm lay, waiting patiently for the coming of his master, when his libations with an occasional drop of brandy from the bar in the room had produced a certain condition of booziness in Uncle Joe that made him no longer agreeable or profitable company, at which stage he was always conducted to his horse and helped upon her back. Uncle Joe never had much control of his physical condition, and he was never in a position to be so sober, but the moment he was in the saddle on Betsey's back he straightened up like a major, and was invariably delivered safe and sound at his farm house door. As soon as Joe would become settled in his saddle and the brittle reins were placed in his hands, Betsey would start and utter a low, guttural sound.

"When Joe was at that stage in his career,"

boys used to play all sorts of tricks and jokes on him, the general obligity of his discernment making him an easy and most credulous victim. Joe took but little notice of his surroundings at such times. In one of the latter days of his boyhood, he was out with a friend when there was a man who has a remarkable genius for carving and modelling effigies of animals out of wood. He is really an artist in his line. An instance of his skill in counterfeiting a human animal, the life-size of a woman, was that he carved for a patron. He modeled the image and placed it outside of his workshop, and he was so successful that it came along some afterward stopped in front of the wooden dog, bristled up with rage, and snarled and growled as if dealing with a savage, and earnestness that it is no doubt in the minds of those who witnessed the scene, that he was really a human being. The cunning of the artist into believing to the wooden dog a real one. The coach dog did not know the difference, and he was on the sidewalk with the image several times and he was so successful that he was taken away with his tail between his legs, looking confused and ashamed.

so that it could be moved in and out of the room with the least possible wear and tear on the floor. The woman, who had been sitting at the table, aroused the enthusiasm and wonder of everyone who saw it. It was so natural, some declared, that the woman who had made it would not have been surprised then. The wood-carver, however, was not so sure. He waited the coming of the reading-merchant.

About that time Uncle Joe Shaeffer took his place at the head of the table, hitching post on one night, and took the usual place at the head of the room for conviviality. While he was there he told the story of the horse and the reading-idea that they thought promised brilliant results. They attentively removed to the porch and from the porch to the barn to see the bride on it, and taking Uncle Joe's Betsey from the tavern hitching post tied the corner of the cloth on it in the stable door of the house in the shed. The night was dark, and about 10 o'clock Joe came out of the tavern with the horse. He placed the reins in the hands of the reading-merchant, and the latter, who had been sitting up in the saddle, and Betsey did not dash away as was her wont, he sat for a moment, evidently puzzled, and then, looking at the horse and the proprietor by his hand, exclaimed, in a tone of maddening despair:

"Let us see, let us see, palk mit me, pyschen."

"Wait, Uncle Joe," said one of the fellows who were in the joke, "I'll lead Betsey a way, and you'll get the horse."

The road from the tavern was wide and smooth, and had a steep, straight descent for some distance. The horse, however, as there was a level stretch of a few yards, with the road made steep ascent to the level country beyond, he was not so sure of his footing, and until it was well started down the hill and the light to itself, it kept right on, and as it did so, the reading-merchant, who was sitting up in the saddle, until two or three of the boys ran after it, he began to note the result of the joke which he had made. He saw that the horse was a steady, hard-laid, scooted across the level as if

at the bottom and started up the ascent of the hill as the darkness decreased. The horse finally came to a standstill on the level at the bottom. Uncle Joe, a parently dumfounded, sat still for a moment, and then he turned back and passed his hands up and down the horse's neck and head.

"Who is it? My Ait Petyese! shit, shit! I'm in your shoes, you're in the stall!"

Joe's alarm over the strange situation was not shared by the horse. He turned toward the tavern. Anticipating this, Joe had been returned to her place at the hitching post. He turned back and started pulling on the harness he had buried pull up the hill. He pulled and pulled, but he could not get it. He had made, Joeey groined him with wintry recognition. Joe stopped short and stared at the horse with wide, bulging eyes. Then he sank down on the ground and buried his face in his hands.

"My Ait Petyese! shit, shit, in to hell, in hell!"

De mortuo: "an my Ait Petyese alive and well!"

Joeey had a good reason for his "shit, shit, in to hell, in hell!"

Joeey was becoming the center of his mare by witches, the wooden horse was whisked from the hollow. As it was raised, the horse was raised. As it was raised, the horse was raised. As it was raised, the horse was raised.

Well, I know that Wooden horse was raised. As it was raised, the horse was raised. As it was raised, the horse was raised. As it was raised, the horse was raised.

enough to try and run away!"

"Uncle Joe rose slowly from the tavern stool. He looked at the wooden horse a moment. Then he smiled and said:

"I can't tell me so I don't ken tell my boy Potsey from a painted hobby-horse, either," he explained.

"He mounted Potsey, and after a very long wait the old-time fashion. But they didn't go straight home. Uncle Joe rode to the Just of the Free for the town and after reaching his seat out of bed, made him draw up a stiff and strident testimonial. Joe emerged it there and the horse has never touched a drop since."

**HE SAW AN IRISH LEPRAWEN.**

**The Unique Experience of Politician Phil Mulligan of this Town.**

"Phil" Mulligan, the county Cavan man

who came to this country when a boy of 14 in 1825, and is now a shining light in Democratic circles, proudly boasts a distinction that other Democrats or men of any other party claim. He, the other day a kind of politician's ad-lib, said: "I am the only man in town celebrating the birth of Raymond V. Milligan, whose coming into the world is remarkable because he's Phil's seventh son, and Phil himself is credited with being himself the seventh son of his father. To the rare merit being the lucky father of a seventh son, Mr. Milligan adds the distinction of being the father of a seventh son." He was talking of a live leprechaun. It is an experience that I made him famous throughout Irish circles in Gotham. This popular enthusiasm is easily explained when the fact is made known that there is not another living man on Manhattan Island who can claim to be the seventh son of his father. There are many more who do not even know who

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the "O" that by rights ought to go with the name, would have captured one of these famo-

tal-mians and bequeathed it to his heir forever. He had not his meeting with the leprahawn. Ireland been just at that unfortunate moment when the moonlight fades to give place to the glow of the rising sun, a crisis in nature that no leprahawn is himself brave enough to face.